

The Tragic

Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?

*Dar.* vntlesse for that my Leige I cannot guesse.

*King.* Vntlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,  
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,  
Thou wilt reuolt and flie to him I feare.

*Dar.* No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

*King.* Where is thy power now to beat him backe?  
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,  
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships,

*Dar.* No my good Lord my friends are in the North,

*King.* Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?  
When they should serue their soueraignes in the West.

*Dar.* They haue not beene commanded mighty soueraigne,  
Please it your Maiesty to giue me leaue,  
Ile muster vp my friends and meete your grace,  
Where and what time your maiesty shall please?

*King.* I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyue with *Richmond*,  
I will not trust you sir,

*Dar.* Most mighty soueraigne  
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtful,  
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.

*King.* Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind  
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be ferme:  
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.

*Dar.* So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My gracious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,  
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,  
With many more ceafederates are in armes.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Leige in Kent the *Guilfords* are in armes,  
And every houre more competitors  
Flocke to their aide, and still there power increaseth,

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

*He strikes him.*

*King.*

of Richard the Third.

*King.* Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death,  
Take that vntile you bring mee better newes.

*Mes.* Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,  
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of waters,  
The Duke of *Buckingham*s army is disperst and scattered:  
And he himseife fled no man knowes whither.

*King.* O I cry you mercy I did mistake,  
*Ratcliffe* reuaid him for the blow I gaue him;  
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,  
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?

*Mes.* Such Proclamation hath beene made my Liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Sir *Thomas Lowell*, and Lord marques *Dorset*,  
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.

Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,  
The Brittain Naue is disperst, *Richmond* in *Dorset shire*,  
Sent out a boat to aske them one the shore,  
If they were his assistants, yea, or no:

Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*  
Vpon his patie: he mistrusting them,  
Heist saile, and made away for Brittain.

*King.* March on, march on since we are vp in armes,  
Vnto fight with forraine enemyes,  
Vnto beat downe these rebels here at home.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Cat.* My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,  
Thats the best newes, that the Eare of *Richmond*  
Is with a mightie power landed at *Mulford*,  
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

*King.* Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,  
A royall battell might bee wonne and lost.  
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought  
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

*Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.*

*Dar.* Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,  
That in the stie of this most bloody bore,  
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,  
If I reuolt off goes yong *Georges* head,  
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

*Bur.*